

## Substitute B 466

Chapter 466: Serena, Are You Thinking of Leaving Here?

What are they doing?

Anabelle Rathborne used to cut her wrists, so now seeing the small knife glinting with a cold edge fills her with a deep fear. She immediately struggles, "Who are you people, let go of me now!"

At this moment, Hayden Crawford's ghostly voice comes to her ear, "You've been comfortable long enough, now it's time for you to let some blood."

What?

Anabelle Rathborne immediately lifts her head to look at Hayden Crawford ahead of her. He's dressed in a perfectly pressed white shirt and black pants, exuding elegance and cold nobility. Not a trace of desire lingers on him, his clean and indifferent demeanor remaining impeccably composed.

It's strange, the person in front of her is entirely different from the one who was on the bed just now, where he was so passionate.

"Hayden, I am now your Mrs. Crawford, your woman, are you really going to let these people hurt me like this? I can draw blood myself... ah!"

Before Anabelle Rathborne finishes her words, a sharp pain spreads from her wrist. As she lowers her eyes to look, the two guards in black have already sliced a deep cut on her wrist, and hot blood gushes out.

The blush on Anabelle Rathborne's face instantly fades, cold sweat from the pain drenches her body. It hurts so much, it's so terrifying; let go, let go now!

Anabelle Rathborne struggles fiercely, but to no avail as the two sturdy men hold her tightly, rendering her immobile.

Soon, Anabelle Rathborne has given a whole bowl of blood.

There was no need for this much blood, just a drop from pricking a finger would suffice. Hayden Crawford did this on purpose.

Anabelle Rathborne has been pampered since childhood and has never lost so much blood before. Her whole body weakens, and her vision turns dark.

Now that the blood has been drawn, the two burly men push her forcefully, and Anabelle Rathborne collapses onto the ground, utterly disheveled.

Suddenly, a pair of gleaming black leather shoes enters her line of sight. It's Hayden Crawford walking over.

Hayden Crawford kneels on one knee, a layer of cold laughter tugging at his handsome brow, "Anabelle Rathborne, now the game truly begins. I'll accompany you well."

With that, Hayden Crawford stands up and leaves directly.

Anabelle Rathborne sits on the ground, panting heavily, as she watches the man's upright and resolute back. A cold shiver runs through her; she realizes that she has been far too naive. Only now does she comprehend the kind of person she has provoked; Hayden Crawford is simply a devil.

He possesses hundreds and thousands of ways to torture her!

Anabelle Rathborne has an ominous feeling, as if she has fallen into a conspiracy.

All of this is because of Serena Sterling!

Anabelle Rathborne shifts all her hatred onto Serena Sterling. Now she is too weak from the blood loss to stand up, like an abandoned pup discarded by Hayden Crawford. If she suffers like this, she won't let Serena Sterling have it easy either!

Anabelle Rathborne sneers, then takes out her phone, having just recorded a passionate video.

She directly sends this passionate video to Serena Sterling.

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Serena Sterling returned to her residence. As Professor Summer, she has been assigned an apartment, although she rarely stays there.

Serena Sterling stands in front of the mirror, looking at her own face. There was a tearing pain just now, and her face already shows wrinkles.

Very obvious wrinkles.

Serena Sterling raises her hand, gently caressing these wrinkles with the soft pad of her finger.

At this moment, her phone chimed with a "ding." A text message arrives, someone has sent her a short video.

Serena Sterling clicks to open it, and in a pitch-dark room, a man and a woman are entwined on a bed. By the moonlight, one can vaguely see the man's firm back—it's Hayden Crawford.

Soon, Anabelle Rathborne's coquettish voice can be heard, clinging tightly to the man, "Hayden, you're amazing, I really love it."

With a "ding," Anabelle Rathborne sends another message: Tonight, Hayden made me very satisfied, the blood has been delivered, save your own life.

Serena Sterling's pupils contract abruptly, and for a moment, severe pain curls her heart. She promptly turns the phone over on the sink, unwilling to look anymore.

He is no longer her Mr. Crawford.

At this moment, the doorbell rings with a "ding dong," someone is knocking at her apartment door.

Who is it?

Outside, a familiar, deep voice that cuts to the bone says, "Serena, open the door, it's me!"

Hayden Crawford.

Hayden Crawford has arrived!

"Serena, I know you're inside, hurry up and open the door, I need to come inside!"

His voice continues sounding. Serena Sterling quickly raises her hands, covering her ears.

Hayden Crawford, tall and long-legged, stands outside, continuously knocking on the door. But Serena Sterling doesn't come to open it. She doesn't want to let him in.

She has already shut him out.

"Serena, you know that a single door can't stop me, come on, open up, I want to see you now."

Inside, silence reigns.

Serena Sterling does not come to open the door.

Hayden Crawford presses his thin lips together, then steps back, and two guards in black move quickly to unlock the apartment door in no time.

Hayden Crawford walks in, finding the apartment exceptionally quiet, so quiet it makes one uneasy.

"Serena!"

From the living room, the kitchen, to the bedroom, Hayden Crawford looks for her, but he fails to find that pristine ethereal figure. Serena Sterling is gone.

"Serena, where are you hiding? Come out." Hayden Crawford is sure she is here, just hiding.

No one answers him.

Where is she?

Hayden Crawford's sharp, eagle-like eyes scan the room, landing on a windowsill, where curtains obscure the view beyond.

Hayden Crawford reaches out and pulls the curtains aside.

Soon he sees Serena Sterling, sitting on the windowsill, her slender arms embracing her knees, curled up into a small ball.

She buries her small face in her knees, long, silky hair cascading down to obscure her entire face. She sits there silently.

Hayden Crawford slowly approaches, extending a broad hand to touch her, his finger pads encountering her skin; she's ice-cold.

Like the winter ice, cold to the point of having no warmth.

Hayden Crawford's eyes accumulate a tinge of crimson. His distinctly jointed hand reaches out, clasping the back of her head, and he gently but firmly pulls her small head into his warm, robust chest, "Serena, it's okay, I'm here."

Serena Sterling doesn't lift her head, simply staying quietly held by him, "Hayden Crawford, leave now, let's not meet again in the future. Don't worry, I will heal myself, I have many things to do, I still haven't found my mom."

It feels like a sharp knife plunging into his heart, cruelly twisting and turning, leaving it in shreds, painful to the extreme. Hayden Crawford realizes that at this moment, Serena Sterling has birthed the desire to depart.

"Serena, are you thinking of leaving here and going back home?"